

conturbatio by handydandynotebook

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Summary:

Billy can drive. He swears he drives better drunk half the time anyway, because that's when he puts in the most effort. When he knows he's compromised he tries harder to concentrate.

Besides, there's no traffic here in Bumfuck Nowhere. What's he gonna do? Crash into a chicken coup?

Heh. That's actually kind of a funny image, feathers and eggs flying through the air. Less funny when he imagines yolk splattering all over the Camaro. Billy makes it back to Cherry Lane without crashing into anything, give or take a trashcan or two bumped along the way. When he gets out, he discovers he didn't park as elegantly as intended. He's on the lawn again.

(edited)

conturbatio

Author's Note:

part 10. part 10, smdh, okay. billy's pov of axe snafu au murder night!! so chronologically part 1, like max's pov. and this 'verse is now like, waaay too long for me to be recycling yet again, but like. it. didn't feel fair to have susan's pov of murder night and max's pov of murder night, but not billy's?

so. here we are.

edit 03-27-21, idk if i drank basic bitch juice before posting this or what, bc it came out just...bland to me?? idk, upon reread it just looked generic. so i tried to spruce it up some but i'm not going to rewrite it just bc this 'verse is so unintentionally long now and like. i rly gotta do other stuff.

If Billy can walk in a straight line, he can drive. He's got some booze in him and he took a few hits off the bowl going around, but the edibles still haven't kicked in yet, so he's pretty sure he's good to go. He gets up from the couch and winds his way through the throng of partygoers, none of whom have any coke, hence why he's contemplating leaving in the first place. Fucking boring ass bumpkins.

Sure enough, Billy makes his way outside without falling over. He can drive. He swears he drives better drunk half the time anyway, because that's when he puts in the most effort. When he knows he's compromised he tries harder to concentrate.

Besides, there's no traffic here in Bumfuck Nowhere. What's he gonna do? Crash into a chicken coup?

Heh. That's actually kind of a funny image, feathers and eggs flying through the air. Less funny when he imagines yolk splattering all over the Camaro.

Billy makes it back to Cherry Lane without crashing into anything, give or take a trashcan or two bumped along the way. When he gets out, he discovers he didn't park as elegantly as intended. He's on the lawn again.

Shit. Well. The tire tracks from last weekend are still cut into the grass so hopefully Neil won't notice these ones are new.

The backdoor is open and that's pretty unusual this late at night, but it saves Billy some time. He slips inside, doesn't bother with the light switch. The moonlight is enough until he gets to his room. He tries to keep quiet, paws through his nightstand where he swore he put the snow.

It's not there.

Maybe he moved it? He definitely didn't go through it already.

Billy wets his lips and tries his dresser drawers instead. Fingers through folded clothes for the crinkle of cellophane. Comes up with nothing.

Goddamnit. Someone took it. Hopefully not Max. Neil will fucking kill him if Max gets ahold of his coke, dish out his worst and serve Billy's head up on a silver platter. Or hell, maybe Susan will show her teeth. She steers clear of Billy most of the time, but she's gotten in his shit where Max is concerned before.

Max or whoever, someone had to take it. It's not here. Billy supposes he'll head back to the party anyway. He has nothing better to do. Shouldn't be long before the edibles hit and that'll be nice, even if it isn't the amped up, confident kind of high he's really jonesing for. Nothing wrong with being mellow, worries dimmed and distant, body lax as that smoothness settles over. It's nice enough. Edible highs usually just shut down the parts of him that still care.

Billy shuts his light off and slips back into the hall. Crams his hands in his pockets to feel around for his car keys. He just had them. His left thumb grazes metal and movement catches his eye milliseconds before he walks right into abrupt, blinding pain.

Billy glances down and scarcely processes that there is something sticking out of him before it's outright wrenched out of him and his blood spurts after it. He jerks his hands from his pockets as another blur of motion flickers through his eye, and he hears his flesh tearing before he feels it, a thick, meaty sound. Immediate, instinctual panic wipes Billy's mind to blank, formless static as he registers the rapid exit of the weapon from— from *him*, that's— that's his stomach — yelp leaping from his lips.

Billy watches it vanish behind the wall and his cognizance is all scrambled, struggling to comprehend what the fuck is going on. He's bleeding. Whoa, he's *really* bleeding, it's almost astounding how much of it there is so suddenly, gashes gushing geysers as his legs turn to gelatin. He's pushing on them even though it fucking hurts, trying to stop the flood as his apparent assailant steps around from the wall, gaping at him horrorstruck. The axe falls from her hands, softly lands in silence and splatter.

"What are you doing here?" Susan quavers, eyes bugging out of their sockets. "You weren't home, I— you, you went out."

Billy isn't just bleeding, there's something else. His torso is mired in white-hot anguish but under that there is this distinct feeling of extraordinary *wrongness*, this sensation of something immensely very not okay. He realizes, belatedly, that he's stumbling and gropes at the wall for support. He can't get it, his hand's slick with blood. Leaves a broad streak as his fingers knock into a picture frame and it lands on the carpet so soft, it's almost soundless, and Billy's still bleeding, bleeding, bleeding, fuck, it's seeping through his jeans, into his underwear now.

Somehow he can't get the strength to push like he needs, he's shaking all over, and there's a thrum in his skull like— like the edibles finally hit. Maybe this isn't real. Maybe this isn't happening. Maybe Billy shouldn't have had two brownies because eating THC is very different than smoking it and he knows it was a high content batch because they barely tasted like brownies at all, much more like somewhat fudged chunks of marijuana butter.

Billy turns to Susan. His blood smatters her arms like chicken pox. He's known her for seven years.

Has he ever really looked at her before?

(something is sliding)

"I d-didn't know you came back," she stammers. "I— I didn't expect to see you until Monday."

Billy recoils when she reaches for him like she's infected, like it really is chicken pox all over her forearms. He doesn't want her, he never did. He lurches back, hand still on the wall, like he can just. Maybe. Something's sliding but maybe it'll help, if he can just. Stay up. If he stays upright, maybe it won't slide out, but he doesn't stay up, his legs are giving way and he locks his arm against his stomach to stubbornly keep whatever wants out in.

His knees hit the carpet and he wonders why he bothers. Because maybe he wants out too. It hurts so bad. Billy's still grasping at the wall, fighting his descent as inexorable as it is, his torso is a mire of torture and misery.

"Fuck," he says. "Jesus, what the fuck..."

Billy understands and he doesn't. He mostly doesn't.

Has he ever truly seen Susan before now?

She's so easy to look past, to look through. Billy sinks down sideways and his fingertips leave the wall with smears behind. He weakly curls as he watches Susan pick up the axe, nervously tittering like she often does. She says something about Neil. Billy's hands are full of blood and he doesn't pay attention.

Susan steps over him and he doesn't even reach for her ankle. He's too busy trying to stop the sliding. It isn't just blood in his hands anymore. When he blinks things are different. Electric light trickles into the hall, yellow dim diffuse.

Max shows up in his sightline, wild eyed and terrified. She's watching something happen behind him. Billy can't keep up with the noises, his hands are trembling too hard. His skin is very wet. His palms are blood sticky but it's perspiration on his brow.

He looks Max up and down. Something happened, her right arm is in a sling. Distantly, Billy realizes this means something, this means something important, but it's difficult to work out the details with all those disgusting noises at his back and the disturbingly gruesome sliding in his belly, and the edibles definitely hit.

Oh, they hit. Billy doesn't think he'd be this calm if they didn't because everything's wrong and upside down and criss-crossed. He's almost relaxed as he watches Max's pajama pants soak up his blood.

That catches her attention too.

"Your mom jus' went Lizzie Borden on my ass. Must've seen me pissing in her petunias..."

Because, yeah, that's what happened. Susan just. Axed him. Susan totally axed him. Twice. And he does piss in her flowerbeds when he can get away with it. Fuck you, Susan, fuck your flowers.

"Let me see, let me help," Max insists and her voice wrings shrill, all kinds of scared.

"No, it's sliding," Billy warns, doesn't know what is, exactly, only that it's not supposed to and it's horrible, and he doesn't want Max to see it.

Frankly, he doesn't want to see it either. Feeling it cupped in his palm is wretched enough, thick and moist.

"Sliding?" Max repeats.

Sweat trickles down his face, a couple beads catching in his lashes. Billy doesn't know why he's sweating. He's feeling cold, starting to wish he didn't take off his shirt.

"Sliding," he confirms, unsure how else to describe even if maybe that word isn't as exact as it should be.

Max moves his hands away. Billy doesn't realize in enough time to stop her. She gasps and then she's shoving at his wounds. There's an excruciating pressure as she pushes whatever slid out back in and it happens so fast, Billy is completely unprepared. He squeals like a

swine in the slaughterhouse, his throat ripped raw under the volume of his own agony.

He can't help it, it hurts so bad. It hurts, it hurts, it fucking hurts in new and harrowing ways he never imagined. Billy could breakdown and bawl like a baby, it hurts so bad under her hand, indescribable, all consuming pain. He's seeing stars and he could breakdown so easy, but he won't, he refuses. He's not going to cry, not now, not in front of Max.

"Oh god, I'm sorry! I'm sorry, Billy, but it had to go back."

Wait, Max is sorry? Max is sorry?

"No," he gasps out. "I'm sorry."

Because he is. Christ, he's sorry for everything. Every time Billy took his own baggage out on her, took the move out on her, broke her shit just because he could or terrorized her friends because being mean and cruel just comes so much easier these days. His sooty black heart's a beast that needs put down and he is so fucking sorry.

"Huh?" Max looks perplexed.

All of it, Billy's sorry for all of it. Yes, everything. He's a shitty brother, asshole person. He's more sorry than anything else and kind of scared, actually, at how suddenly it dawns on him, just how deeply, profoundly sorry he is. But it's hard to put it into words, especially when he's having so much trouble catching his breath, strangely cold beneath the skin.

He is so, so fucking sorry it's insane and he cannot tell her because his lungs won't fill.

Billy is starting to feel dizzy, doesn't know if it's the edibles, the booze, the blood or the pain. He just can't breathe deep enough, it's like his ribs are sticking.

There's a lot going on. Billy knows there's a lot going on, he can hear it happening. He's probably in the center of a flurry of activity but he can't really get a grasp of what precisely it is that's taking place. And he isn't sure if what he thinks already happened actually did because

it feels distant now. Woolly and dreamlike.

(Susan? Fucking Susan who shakes under the screams and shouts until she disappears?)

He's glad Max is still here. He's kind of anxious, which is weird, everything's so weird right now. It was weird to be calm earlier and it's weird to be anxious now. He's panting for breath. Just trying to rake in one good breath so he can get out all that he needs to, but he's just having trouble and it's chilly, his teeth are close to chattering, and it's dumb that he took his shirt off earlier, like—

Where the fuck did his shirt even go?

Who did he take it off for? Was it a conquest or a contest? Little bit of both?

He's pretty into both.

He's glad Max is still here but she looks scared, like, evil circus clown terrified and it's stressing him out. Billy wants to calm her down. He thinks he'll calm down too, if he can manage to calm her down, but he still can't catch his breath and he feels himself slipping from the moment.

Max is yelling. Susan's yelling too. Susan sounds closer, Susan sounds
